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# The Break In



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## Chapter 1 by Lindsey Coe

The man walked by my house slowly, like he was taking a stroll in the park. He had on a brown trench coat and a white button up shirt. He had been going door to door at some of the houses nearby in the neighborhood. He had a clipboard and a pen in his hand soon he started to walk up my driveway. I put down my newspaper and turned on the T.V. I don't know what he wanted and I didn't want what he would offer. Then I heard a knock on the door, and the doorbell.

"Hello? Is anyone home?" A gruff voice spoke. I didn't recognize the voice, or the trench coat. I walked over to the door and opened it.

"Yes?" I stammered.

"Hi, I'm Matthew Henry. Would you like to take a quick survey?" He asked with a smile. I did not want to take a survey no matter how fast it was. I didn't like talking to strangers for obvious reasons. I don't know the person. "If you break into my home the police are the least of your worries- in fact, they may be you last hope." I told him, desperately trying to make him leave. His beaming smile slowly disappeared as he continued to talk.

"Madam, I'm not going to break into your house. This survey is to see what you think of adding a new store into our tiny town," He explained. I began to calm down seeing it really was just a

survey. I requested to see the survey and he showed me it. It really was just a survey.

"Are you ready to start the survey?" he asked.

"My name is Janet Smith," I stated.

"Great Miss Smith, so just" he said while showing his beaming smile. I answered his questions and closed the door while he moved on to the next

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house. I picked up my newspaper and turned the T.V. off. Why did I think that he was going to break into my house? He seemed like a nice guy. I probably shouldn't have said that.

I woke up the next morning and made breakfast. Toast with jam and scrambled eggs. I sat down at the dinner table and began to eat when I heard a knock at the door. It was a woman in a police uniform. Why were the police at my house? I hadn't done anything illegal. I went up to the door and opened it.

"Good morning. I'm Officer Harris and your?" Officer Harris questioned me.

"I'm Janet Smith, what do you need?" I told her, hoping this would be over soon.

"Have you taken a survey lately from a man in a brown trench coat?" She asked me with worried eyes.

"Yes. Is there a problem?" I asked her.

"There was a break in at your neighbor's house. She said it might have been a man who was surveying some people." Officer Harris told me. I chuckled to myself and thought about my encounter with him. I told him not to break into my house.

"Well, at least I know that he won't be stopping by my house." I chuckled and closed the door.

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